

Good Morning 289

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



A.B. DICK NICHOLSON— HERE'S HEATHER

WHEN the last bunch of Western mags. arrived from your wife, A.B. Dick Nicholson, you no doubt got all the news from Cuffley, Potters Bar, Middlesex, so here's a picture of Mrs. Nicholson and baby Heather, together with the up-to-the-minute news-flash that all is well at home. The photographer reports that Heather has blue-brown eyes and chestnut hair, and that she's putting on weight so fast she's losing the trim figure she had when you saw her last. They will be so glad to see

**SAYING
"HELLO!"**

you, Dick, that you might almost get away with listening-in to Vera Lynn, and if you're lucky you may possibly get some of Billie's rice pudding. The message closes with a repeat message: All are happy and well at home. Postscript: Your wife sends her fondest love. Good hunting!

Peter Davis Talks About

WORLD'S STRANGEST SHOP

ONE of the strangest armament firms in the world is to be found in a seven-storey building just off Broadway, New York.

Francis Bannerman and Sons—"military outfitters"—have been thriving for the past eighty years by selling second-hand cannon, rifles, cartridges, machine-guns, grenades, and other equipment.

Not long ago they sold a torpedo to an enthusiastic hobbyist in the Argentine.

Guerrilla armies, small nations, governments in exile and warlike collectors form the bulk of their customers. Thanks to the brothers who now run the business, Frank and Dave Bannerman, military outfitting means an arms supply large or small to soldiers of limited means.

Current activities on cash-and-carry terms are secret, but supervised. Tito, General de Gaulle and Chiang Kai-Shek are on the regular mailing list of the strange 286-page catalogue.

Though the brothers insist they do not sell direct to foreign governments, scores of pint-sized South American revolutions may have been inspired by the 3,000 illustrations.

The Abyssinians fought Italy with Bannerman bargain lines—pikes dating from the U.S. Civil War at £3 and African spears at £1 each.

British Home Guards were undeniably first armed with Bannerman hand-downs from the previous war, when a £12,000 Bannerman gift equipped a regiment of Scottish volunteers, and 1,000 second-hand Bannerman rifles disappeared into English cottage homes.

To-day, the Bannermans advertise everything lethal, from ancient 26in. cross-bows at £2 each to a limited and expensive supply of anti-tank Brens.

The Rarity Department still offers bayonets used at Waterloo, boarding pikes from Trafalgar, and such insignificant items as rapiers, Filipino bolo-kris and elephant guns.

KRUPPS GUARANTEE.

And what about this sold item from the Bannerman files: "German Navy siege cannon, Krupps. Guaranteed by Ger-

man war department to purchaser as being in the best service for war. Complete with 1,000 rounds of explosive shells, weight 29 pounds?"

And this one: "1,300-pound steel armour-piercing shells, with range of 13 miles; collected from soldiers and sailors returning from the Philippines?"

Then there are such oddments as Japanese Samurai swords, which "must never be withdrawn from the scabbard without shedding blood, and if accidentally withdrawn, the owner must prick his arm or hand."

There are unconsidered items such as boomerangs and blunderbusses, ancient Colts and Maxim guns.

The firm was launched into prosperity when Grandpa Francis first started buying up Civil War left-overs.

WAR'S LEFT-OVERS.

Other sidelines were melting the cannon into scrap; but Francis repaired the guns. Under his careful hands they all became historic rarities.

When the Spaniards evacuated Cuba at the end of the Spanish-American War, they left all their heavy arms and ammunition behind. Bannerman bought most of them up.

When he bought his Broadway building it was marked down because it had been a museum—and Bannerman promised to keep it open to the public. Soon his stock

"MADAME GUILLOTINE" GOT MAN! THE CASE OF THE CRIMSON HAIR

ONE of the finest pieces of deductive reasoning I ever knew captured a murderer, although the only clue was a short hair about an inch long. It was not a police triumph; it was a triumph of the new scientific detection that bores its way relentlessly towards its goal and presents its conclusions with the accuracy of a laboratory test.

Scotland Yard has its own scientific resources, apart from its routine inquiry work, but the crime I am about to relate did not come under the Yard's jurisdiction, yet the Yard was given particulars.

I happened to be in France in 1909 when, in October of that year, a particularly foul murder was committed in a narrow street in Havre, called the Passages des Mathurins. An elderly widow, Marie Pallot, was bludgeoned to death one night and her rooms ransacked.

The object of the murderer was obviously the theft of the money Madame Pallot was reputed to possess. She had owned a small wine shop at one time, and had retired, more or less, doing a bit of business now and then in lending money at a high rate of interest.

The door in the street leading to her rooms had been forced open, the widow had been attacked as she sat at a table in her sitting-room, a trunk had been burst open, the mattress of her bed ripped, and boxes smashed, as the murderer made his search.

Yet there was not a clue, although the best French detectives were on the job the following morning. For three days they examined, investigated, peered here and there. They were beaten.

It looked as if the murder would be classed as unsolved, when the Commissary of Police received a visitor. The caller was Professor Rees, a lecturer on criminology at Lausanne University. He came to offer his help.

The Commissary was frankly sceptical. He had been in the Police Force all his life and knew all about practical police work; but he allowed Profes-

sor Rees to join in the hunt, more in the expectation of failure than success.

First of all the Professor asked leave to visit the scene. Police went with him, and the first thing the Professor did was to whip out a magnifying-glass and examine the lock of the front door, which had been forced.

He took out a small splinter of stained wood and put it into a pocket-book.

He examined the passage-way, going down on his hands and knees and crawling along the floor, bending close to the boards with his magnifying-glass. In the room where the murder had been committed he was quite a long time searching. He picked up one or two minute items from the floor, put them into an envelope, and then announced that he wanted the use of a laboratory.

He got that and set to work. The items he had picked up from the floor were a few hard spots of candle-grease and a tiny hair.

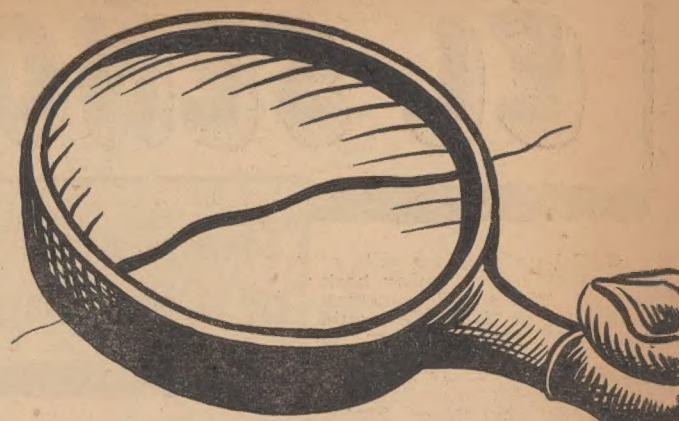
When he had finished his work in the laboratory he came

STUART MARTIN CONTINUES— "WHAT THE CROOK FORGOT"

back to the police station and sent off a telegram.

"I shall go for a walk," he announced, "and when I return I expect an answer to that telegram, after which I hope to tell you about the murderer."

Those who heard him make this statement were mostly in-



credulous. I remember a Scotland Yard detective saying to me about this, "Looks just like Sherlock Holmes, doesn't it?"

I didn't agree. Conan Doyle did not create a scientific detective. He created a detective of purely deductive and analytic reasoning. This was much more; it was the science of physics operating.

Don't you remember Sherlock Holmes confessing that he knew nothing whatever about the solar system and was equally ignorant of physical facts a sixth form schoolboy would know? So never mind Sherlock Holmes.

When Professor Rees returned from his walk the reply to his telegram was awaiting him. He read it with satisfaction.

There was no bragging in his tone when he said: "The murderer pierced his hand with the splinter of wood when he forced the lock of the front door. I have examined that splinter and found it stained with blood. I think you will find that it is his left hand which is out."

"He is a left-handed man. How do I know? There were spots of blood on the floor of the passage in that house, and these spots were on his left side as he walked. On his right side there were spots of candle-grease. Therefore he held a candle with his right hand, which is contrary to usual methods. A right-handed man would hold his candle in his left hand and his weapon in his right."

His listeners had to admit that it looked that way. The criminologist went on:

"So it must have been his left hand he used when he forced the door, probably with an iron bar. His hand slipped. As for the candle-grease, that is rather important. Candles differ very much in make. I found by laboratory tests that the candle-spots on the floor showed a stearin basis; but there was something else there. It was a substance not used in candle-making in this country. I sent off my telegram asking a question, and the reply I received shows that candles of the kind the murderer used are made only in Sicily, or in Corsica, not anywhere else. As the candle was one belonging to the murderer he must have come from either Sicily or Corsica. I guess he must have come recently. People don't carry candles about for a length of time."

The analysis in the laboratory was hot on the heels of the criminal now. But the forgotten clue was still to be revealed.

"The one thing that the murderer forgot," said the scientific investigator, "was this!"

He held up the tiny hair. "When under some stress of crisis," he explained, "men do natural and individual acts. They revert to habitual peculiarities. Some run their fingers through their hair. Some stamp their feet. This one began to pluck at his moustache—and he pulled this hair out in his agitation. It dropped beside the chair on which his victim sat."

"Why his moustache?" asked a police official.

"It could not have been his head," was the reply, "because under a microscope

the hairs of a man's moustache or whiskers are shown to be slightly coarser than those in his head. This hair is slightly curved. It had been much stroked and trained. Therefore it was his moustache. The length supports that view. And it is a red hair, which helps considerably."

"Find us the criminal!" demanded the Commissary.

"That is your job," said Professor Rees. "I think I can tell you where you will find him. I went for a walk and had a look at ships tied up at the water-front. I tell you the murderer is a left-handed man, with a red moustache, and a cut on his left hand, and that he must have come recently from either Corsica or Sicily. He may have a candle in his pocket, or part of a candle. He is a strong man. There is a ship at the docks which I am told came from Corsica only a few days ago. It is due to sail again to-morrow. Fetch that man, if you find him. He is either a sailor or a passenger." Well, there it was. The only thing that was left was to prove the theory and the laboratory tests.

Detectives went down to the docks and boarded a small vessel which had come in with a cargo of stuff from Corsica. The captain was interviewed. He listened to the description, and said at once that he did not carry passengers, but he had a seaman who seemed to answer the description given. He called the seaman aft.

A big, hulking seaman named Jose Forfarazzo came along, rather sullenly. He was asked to come to police headquarters, and readily agreed. But he wanted to know what for. He was told it was just a private matter.

He went forward to get his jacket, but one of the detectives accompanied him—to make sure that he did not dispose of anything. Jose was taken back and faced the Commissary and the Professor.

After a few preliminary questions, in answer to which he said he never heard of Widow Pallot, the criminologist suddenly lifted a sheet of paper from the desk.

"Read that," he commanded. Jose stretched out his left hand, took the sheet, and gazed at it angrily.

"What's going on here?" he said quickly. "This paper has nothing on it."

"I know," said the Professor, "but I see you are left-handed. And there is a cut across the palm of that hand. Search him!"

They searched him, and found a stump of candle in his pocket. They kept him and examined his clothing, finding bloodstains on it. They charged him with murder.

In the end he confessed. All he had stolen from the victim's room was about 100 francs. And for that he went to the guillotine.

At the end of his confession he made a protest.

"It is not fair," he said. "The man who traced me is too clever. He is a devil."

Which shows that Jose Forfarazzo was not original, for science has often been so labelled.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life Story of a Roving Adventurer

I WAS born within a mile of Port Melbourne, away back in 1880. The actual launching took place at 76 Thistlethwaite Street, if anybody likes to mark the spot with a brass tablet. They can put up another at the Christian Brothers' School in Montague Street, where I learned plenty of sound doctrine and a proper respect for Queen Victoria. It won't worry me.

You can't see the sea from Thistlethwaite Street, but you can feel it and smell it. There is a sort of emptiness in the sky over towards Hobson's Bay that tells of moving salt water, even when the clouds are rolling like great bales of merino fleece. As soon as I could walk I got down to the beach, and before I was five I could swim like a frog. Good days those were, splashing stark naked in the surf and burrowing turtle fashion in the hot sand. Seaweed and all kinds of flotsam were left

stranded at high-water mark, including bottles and old boots, brother and the rest was being burned up in the public-house, Ned Kelly walks out as cool as you or me. Bullets is hopping off him like peas, on account of the armour he was wearing next his skin. Then the sergeant tumbles to it and shouts, "Shoot him in the legs, boys!" So they shoots him in the knee, and takes him alive.

"He was condemned to death down in Melbourne, Ginger, and walked firmly to the gallows, having first pomaded and parted his hair. Remember that, my boy, when it's your turn to swing!"

But not every evening was spent yarning like this. From time to time the farmer found himself afflicted with a strange dryness of the throat, which could not be treated properly in the bush. On such occasions he would saddle his mare and ride off to town, where they knew what to do about it. "Look after the farm, Burke," he would say. "I have to give a blind Chinaman a music

lesson." He usually returned in a week or so, unshaved, twitching, and subdued.

When I had been a year on the farm my father came up to see me.

He complimented the farmer on my healthy appearance, and inquired gently after the wages due to me—something in the neighbourhood of twenty pounds. The farmer agreed that I was filling out nicely, and regretted that, far from possessing twenty pounds, he had "not a sausage, not a tossaroo." Then my father suggested that perhaps I had had enough "Colonial experience" to be going on with, and took me back to Melbourne and to school.

But I was now a horny-handed man of fourteen, possessing a silver-mounted pipe with an amber mouthpiece. I could ride a horse and drive a stump-jumping plough. So although I won a scholarship to Kew College, I refused to continue my studies among "the kids." I became navigating officer of my uncle's coal-

wagon, and known to the neighbourhood as Coal-cart Red. Then I worked in a jam factory, and finally joined the staff attached to a travelling chaff-cutting machine.

It was on this job that I met Harry Moore, a young dandy who oiled his hair more regularly than he oiled the machinery. Although a few months older than I was, he took to me from the first—really, I believe, on account of my new Sunday suit. Since then I have bought suits in half the cities of the world, but never one I liked as much as that two-guinea pepper-and-salt. It was cut so fashionably that one deep breath would have split it from stem to stern; on Sundays I breathed little and often.

Now, Harry would have sold his soul for a suit like mine, only they were not buying souls in Melbourne just then. And it takes a long time to save up two guineas in the chaff-cutting profession. So after much deep thought Harry said to me, "Do you know what they're paying shearers up on the sheep stations?"

"No."

"Quid a day, as true as I'm standing here!"

He either did not know or did not wish to mention that no shearer had the smallest chance of a job if he couldn't handle his hundred sheep a day. Rapid calculation showed that we could make twenty-four pounds a month, not working on Sundays. "Let's go," I said.

Packing our possessions in two carpet-bags, we took the train to Echuca. It was after midnight when we got there, but the pubs were still open. Crossing the road, we entered the first we saw, whereupon the proprietor shouted, "Damned if it ain't young Ginger Burke!" It was Jack Reynolds, who had worked with my father on the railway down at Nagambie.

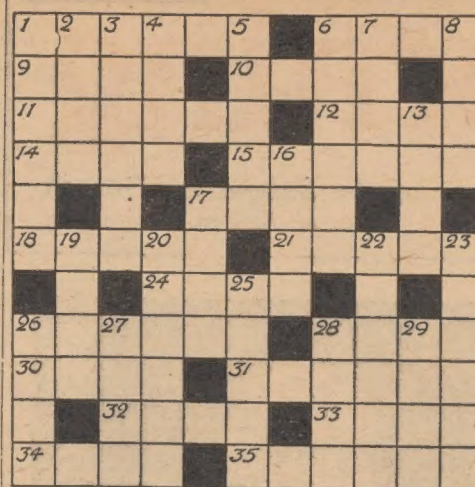
For three or four days we stayed with Jack Reynolds, eating large meals and sleeping in a great feather-bed, for which we were charged the inclusive sum of one shilling.

Then one day Lew Fowler walked into the bar and Jack introduced us. He was a quiet young fellow of about thirty, with a great name in the sheep country as a fighting man. I thought he looked rather hard at my pepper-and-salt suit, but all he said was, "You boys want to go shearing? Do you know how to roll a swag?" There and then he made us spread our blankets on the floor of the bar, and showed us how to stow our belongings in a neat roll, strapped up nice and shipshape. We learned how to sling it on to our back, or "hump the bluey," and he got us each a gunny bag to hang in front with our food and billy.

We covered fifteen miles that day, and got to a big station towards sundown. The air shook with the bleating of

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Make



- conclusive.
6 Young animal.
9 Whetstone.
10 Bad.
11 Behind.
12 Musical instrument.
14 Interpret.
15 Ordinary.
17 Lower part of wall.
18 Penetrate.
21 Over.
24 Puts on.
26 Chevron.
28 Remedy.
30 Warm up.
31 Examines into.
32 Heavy sleep.
33 Unfortunately.
34 Stags.
35 Not long ago.

Solution to Problem in No. 288.

F. CHERISH D
ALOOF THORA
ROOST SINEW
CAPE G. PICK
EVE TOT TAY
ERGO UPON
ASSORTMENTS
R. TROUT I
RUB EEL AFT
AGAIN UNDUE
SHAFT SOARS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Debit. 2 Be deprived of. 3 Entire. 4 Want.
5 Dye from plant. 6 Fruit. 7 Mineral salt.
8 Young animal. 13 Commanded. 16 Poetry.
17 Abandon. 19 Observe. 20 Journal chief.
22 Run. 23 Stylish. 25 Indian State. 26 Shelter.
27 Heat. 28 Garment. 29 Genuine.

thousands of sheep. Shearers were just finishing their last pens of the day. Tarboys, classifiers, wool-rollers and rouseabouts were all working with that queer sort of excited intensity that comes sometimes to men working out of doors together. Sometimes you would think there was only one mind in it, like a shoal of fish.

This station was not taking any more hands, but we went and sat on the wood-pile outside the cookhouse, waiting for the meal that is always handed out to strangers. When the regular hands had fed, the cook banged on a pannikin and shouted "Come on, you tramps! Scoff-oh!"

Now, fifteen miles' tramping gives you an appetite, especially when you're young. I jumped up from that wood-pile like two men and a boy. There was a nasty sound of tearing, and a large portion of my pepper-and-salt suit deserted me for a rusty nail. My after end was barer than a new-shorn sheep.

It takes a lot to make a sheep-man laugh, but once he starts, nothing short of a bullet will stop him. All the time we were eating our mutton stew and currant-bread brownies those station hands sat round and haw-hawed as if they were crazy. They slapped each other's backs and howled till tears ran down their faces. We were given a shakedown in

the bunkhouse, and all through the night one after another would wake up and lie giggling in his bunk like a nigger girl with a spider under her shift.

(To be continued)

TO-DAY'S LAUGH

Bert: "Don't work there, Bill, they're a load of crooks."

Bill: "How do you know?"
Bert: "Well, one day I was sweeping the shop out when they pinched me trousers and 'ung weights on me braces, while they got away."

Waiter: "And how was the bacon, sir?"
Customer: "I found it hiding under the cauliflower, the lovely looking thing."

QUIZ for today

1. A duomo is a priest, judge, small book, dozen, cathedral, musical term?
2. Who wrote (a) The Fall of the House of Usher, (b) The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Dogfish, Flat-fish, Crayfish, Catfish, Flying-fish?
4. Who is the patron saint of Ireland?
5. Who fiddled while what city burned?
6. After whom is Rhodesia called?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Phlegm, Philology, Philomel, Phonograph, Phonetic, Psychology?
8. What relation was David to Absalom?
9. Who killed Cock Robin?
10. Who created the dog "Pluto"?
11. Who wore a cloak "half of yellow and half of red"?
12. Name four Alberts, real or imaginary.

Answers to Quiz in No. 288

1. Bird.
2. (a) Dickens, (b) Charles Lamb.
3. Hessian is a cloth; others are fibres.
4. 20 m.p.h.
5. A piece used in "Fairy" chess.
6. Persuasion.
7. Eglington, Efluvium.
8. Two of Robin Hood's men.
9. Oysters fried with bacon.
10. After Sir Robert Peel, who founded the Force.
11. His patience.
12. Peter Pan, Peter the Whaler, Peter Simple, Peter the Great, etc.

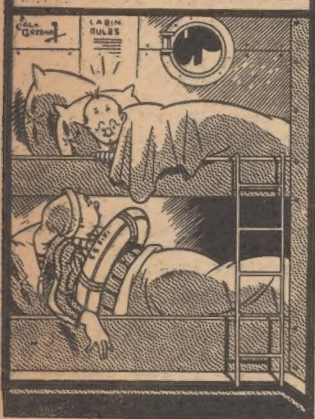
WANGLING WORDS—244

1. Put a woman in FR to make a sickness.
2. Rearrange the letters of EARTHEN to make an Eastern capital.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LAST into MILE, GAME into LOST, KEEP into GOAL, BROWN into GREEN.
4. Make two more seven-letter words from the letters of ENLARGE.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 243

1. LABURNUM.
2. CARLISLE.
3. PONY, POND, BOND, BAND, LAND, LAID, LAIR, HAIR, HEIR, HEAR, TEAR, TEAM, TRAM, TRAP.
- MARK, PARK, PORK, CORK, CORN, COIN, CAIN.
- CAT, CAD, LAD, LID, AID, AIL, ALL, ALE, APE.
- MAIN, LAIN, LAID, LAND, WAND, WANT, PANT, PAST, MAST.
4. Imbibing.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Catch me takin' any risks, chum—I'm a heavy sleeper!"

When I was thirteen my father apprenticed me to a farmer up in the Mallee Scrub, where I was to "gain Colonial experience" over a period of three years. The farm was a one-room shack of corrugated iron, containing a large bed for my employer and a small one for myself. My job was to assist in clearing the surrounding wilderness, uproot and burn eucalyptus stumps, and generally comport myself like a body of men.

In return for these services from dawn to dusk it was agreed that I should be paid seven shillings and sixpence a week.

The farmer was a talkative man. After supper he would fill his pipe, take off his boots, and tell how the famous Kelly gang of bushrangers came to an end a bare fifteen miles from where we sat. "While his

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



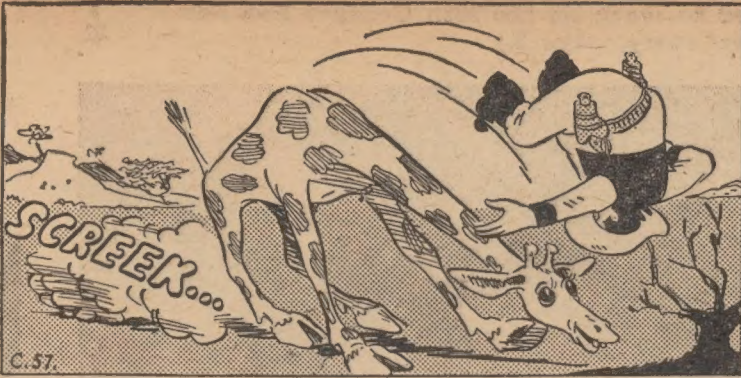
DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

But this is the truth, as you can see from the picture. The Nigerian hunter goes after the bird with a headpiece of another bird, so that the quarry is led up the garden, so to speak. Making a clucking sound like the real thing, the hunter crawls forward until he is within shooting distance—and there is another head for another hunt. But the native hunter keeps his own all the time.

JANE



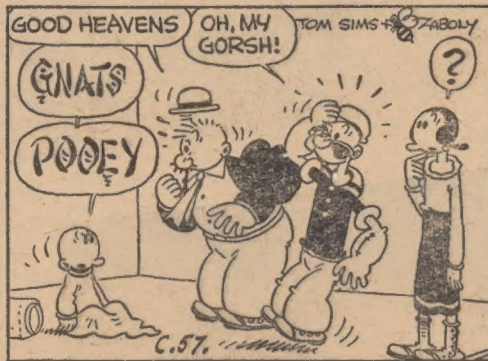
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



STARMAKER

Naming
Future
STELLAR
"ZANIES"



DARRYL F. ZANUCK

DARRYL F. ZANUCK, Vice-President in Charge of Production at the 20th Century-Fox studios, has named five promising youngsters who will, in his opinion, be top-flight stars before very long.

And, considering Mr. Zanuck was the man who "discovered" and built up such actors and actresses as Don Ameche, Sonja Henie, Gene Tierney, Carmen Miranda and Betty Grable—to name but a few—and prospects for the youngsters now at Fox and awaiting or working in their first starring productions are pretty good.

Mr. Zanuck's list comprises five male names and five female names, some of which have already been seen by filmgoers who read the lists of "supporting players" attached to a film, but all of which will—if Zanuck is as right about these as the unknowns he signed in the past—be featured on the very top portion of the bill. Here are the givrls' names:—

Gale Robbins, a native of Chicago, who was named "Miss Chicago for 1937." She has been a singing star with many of the big American dance bands and on the American radio. Now under contract to Fox, Miss Robbins has received many offers to go back into radio work, but has refused, preferring to put her confidence in Zanuck's promise of eventual stardom. She will be seen first in a Technicolor musical production, "Greenwich Village." This will be produced by William LeBaron, and should reach this side of the Atlantic some time towards the end of 1944.

Trudy Marshall is from Brooklyn, New York. At one time so many advertisements carried photographs of her lovely features that she became known in the States as "The Lucky Strike Girl," "The Old Gold Girl," and "The Chesterfield Girl," among others. She came to the attention of "Look," the American weekly magazine, which was so impressed with her that it sent her to Hollywood, where she passed a screen test with flying honours and was signed by 20th Century-Fox. She is 5ft. 5in. tall and weighs 112lbs. Her hair is light brown and her eyes are deep blue. She makes her film debut in 20th Century-Fox's "The Sullivans."

Jeanne Crain was voted "American Camera Girl of 1942," and has won so many beauty competitions that she forgets just how many. Born in California, she has done a lot of posing for photographers—hence her "title"—and was chosen as the girl whose picture should adorn the front page of both "Coronet" and "Ladies' Home Journal." She earned high marks in dramatics while at high school, was spotted by a Fox executive, and promptly signed to a contract. She will first be seen in 20th Century-Fox's forthcoming Technicolor romance, "Home in Indiana."

Mary Anderson, a girl from the deep South—Alabama. Mary Anderson has proved herself to be one of the stage's most dramatic young actresses. After playing small—very small—roles in such pictures as "Gone With the Wind," "The Women," "Three Cheers for Miss Bishop," and "Bahama Passage," she left Hollywood for the realm of the stage. On Broadway she was an immediate sensation in a smash hit, which brought her once more to the notice of Hollywood. She returned to the Film City—but with a difference. For the petite, talented Miss Anderson had a valuable Fox contract in her possession and a definite promise of stardom. Her first roles have been immensely important ones in some of the most expensive motion pictures Hollywood has produced... so remember the name—Mary Anderson

June Haver is blue-eyed, diminutive and beautiful. She's also intelligent, enterprising, talented and ambitious. She made her stage debut at the age of six. She won a dramatic prize at seven, and at 13 she was singing with a big dance band. At 15 she made two short films for Universal pictures. In 1942 she was signed by a talent scout, but her contract was allowed to lapse because she still looked only 14, though she was nearer 20. In 1943, however, she was re-signed by Fox, and makes her first featured appearance in "Home in Indiana."

DICK GORDON

(See Picture Page 4.)

AND THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE A BIGGER SPLASH SOON

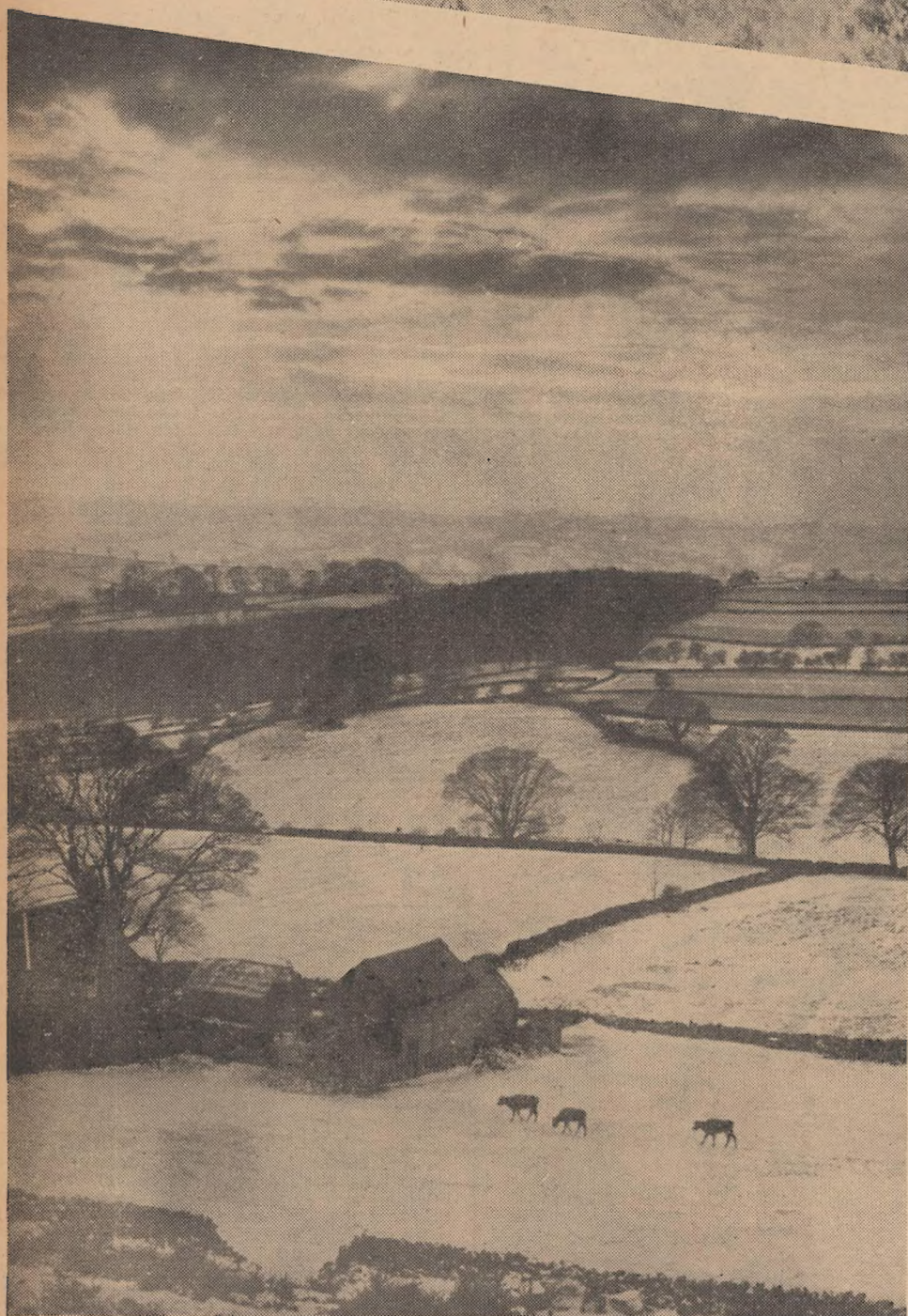
Five Darryl's Debutantes scheduled to work on the 20th Century Fox sets this year. (See story, page 3.)



Something brewing . . . we don't like the look in that baby's eyes.



Brewing, my foot! There goes our chances of a nice "cuppa." Drat the child!



"Hmm! I suppose you DO have to pull a funny face. After all, you're making funny noises."



"I may be too young to have a hump; but, bcy, do I feel depressed?"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Take that smile off your face, baby."



This England

Does look coolish, doesn't it? Guess those cows will be glad of "home comfort." A winter landscape, Derbyshire.